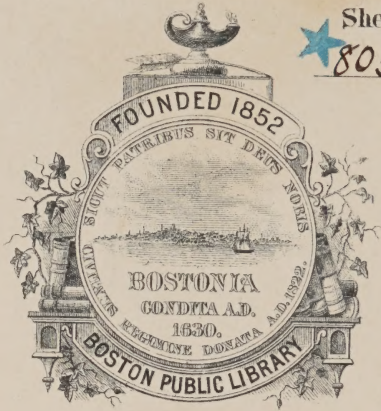


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THE
OPERA
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EXPRESSLY PUBLISHED FOR THE

ACADEMIES OF MUSIC

OF

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CINCINNATI.

NABUCO.

G. Verdi

New York :

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AT C. BREUSING'S, 701 BROADWAY.

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NEBUCHADNEZZAR

(NEBUCHADNEZZAR)

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52P.
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B.H.

Mar. 17, 1894

PERSONAGGI.

NABUCODONOSOR, re di Babilonia.
ISMAELE, nipote di Sedecia, re di Gerusalemme.
ZACCARIA, gran pontefice degli Ebrei.
ABIGAILLE, schiava, creduta figlia primogenita di Nabucodonosor.
FENENA, figlia di Nabucodonosor.
IL GRAN SACERDOTE di Belo.
ABDALLO, vecchio ufficiale del re di Babilonia.
ANNA, sorella di Zaccaria.
Coro, Soldati Babilonesi, Soldati Ebrei, Leviti, Magi, Grandi del regno di Babilonia, Popolo, ecc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, King of Babylon.
ISMAEL, nephew to King of Jerusalem.
ZACHARIAH, High Priest of the Hebrews.
ABIGAIL, a slave, the supposed daughter of Nebuchadnezzar.
PHENENA, daughter of Nebuchadnezzar.
HIGH PRIEST OF BEL.
ABDAL, an old officer of the King of Babylon.
ANNA, sister of Zachariah.
Chorus, Babylonian Soldiers, Hebrew Soldiers, Priests, Virgins, Ladies of Babylon, People, &c.

Nella prima parte la scena s'apre in Gerusalemme, nelle altre in Babilonia.

In the First Act the scene lies at Jerusalem; the Second and Third at Babylon.

NABUCODONOSOR.

ATTO PRIMO.

GERUSALEMME.

Così ha detto il Signore: ecco io do questa città in mano del re di Babilonia, egli l'arderà col fuoco.

GEREM. XXXII.

SCENA PRIMA.—*Interno del Tempio di Salomone.*

Ebrei, Leviti e Vergini Ebrei.

Tutti. Gli arredi festivi giù cadano infranti,
Il popol di Giuda di tutto s'ammanti!
Ministro dell'ira del Nume sdegnato
Il rege d'Assiria su noi già piombò!
Di barbare schiere l'atroce ululato
Nel santo delubro del Nume tuonò!
Lev. I candidi veli, fanciulle, sguarciate,
Le supplici braccia gridando levate;
D'un labbro innocente la vira preghierà
E grato profumo che sale al Signor!
Pregate, fanciulle!.. Per voi della fiera
Nemica falange sia nullo il furor!

[Tutti si prostrano a terra]

Ver. Gran Nume, che voli sull'ale dei venti,
Che il folgor sprigionai dai nembi frementi,
Disperdi, distruggi d'Assiria le schiere,
Di David la figlia ritorna al grito!
Peccammo!.. Ma in cielo le nostre preghiere
Ottengan pietade, perdono al fallir!..
Tutti. Deh! l'empio non gridi, con baldò blasfema,
Il Dio d'Israello si cela per tema?
Non far che i tuoi figli divengano preda

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

ACT I.

JERUSALEM.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I give this city into the hands of the King of Babylon; he will burn it with fire.

JER. XXXII.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Temple of Solomon; Hebrews, Priests, Populace, Virgins.*

All. Our joyous preparations are all destroyed—
The people of Judah are all with grief oppressed;
The minister of an avenging Deity,
The king of Assyria, has fallen upon us;
The dreadful shouts of the barbarous hosts
Are heard within the holy temple!
Tear your white veils, oh maidens!
With outcries raise your suppliant hands;
Fervent prayers from innocent lips
Are graceful and pleasant to the Lord.
Lev. Pray, maidens! through you the wrath
Of the hostile phalanx shall be appeased.

[All prostrate themselves in prayer.]

Vir. Great Deity! who flyest on the wings of the wind,
Who dardest lightning from the trembling clouds!
Disperse, destroy the Assyrian host!
To joy restore the daughters of David!
We have sinned, but in Heaven our prayers
Will be heard, and obtain our pardon!
Let not the impious cry, in bold blasphemy,
"The God of Israel conceals himself, thro' fear,"
All. Let not thy sons become the prey

D' un folle che sprezza l' eterno poter !
Non far che sul trono davidico sieda
Fra gl' idoli stolti l' assiro stranier ! [*Si alza.*

SCENA II.—*Zaccaria tenendo per mano Fenena, Anna e Detti.*

Zac. Sperate, o figli ! Iddio
Del suo poter die' segno ;
Ei trasse in poter mio
Un prezioso pegno ;
Del re nemico prole,
Pace apportar ci può.

Tutti. Di lieto giorno un sole
Forse per noi spuntò !
Freno al timor ! v' affidi
D' Iddio l' eterna aita ;
D' Egitto là sui lidi
Egli a Mosè die' vita ;
Di Gedéone i cento
Invitti ei rese un dì . .
Chi nell' estremo evento
Fidando in Lui perì ?

Lev. Qual rumore ? . .

SCENA III.—*Ismaele con alcuni Guerrieri ebrei e Detti.*

Ism. Furibondo
Dell' Assiria il re s' avanza ;
Par ch' ei sfidi intero il mondo
Nella fiera sua baldanza !
Pria la vita . .
Forse fine
Porrà il cielo all' empio ardire ;
Di Sion sulle rovine
Lo stranier non poserà.

Tutti. Questa prima fra le assire
[Consegnando Fen. ad Ism.]
A te fido !
Oh Dio, pietà !
Come notte a sol fulgente,
Come polve in preda al vento,
Sparirai nel gran cimento
Dio di Belo menzognere.

Zac.

Of the fool that eternal power claims,
Nor let him on the throne of David sit,
'Mid the false gods of the Assyrian stranger.

SCENE II.—*Enter Zachariah, holding Fenena in his hand, and Anna.*

Zac. Hope, my sons ! God hath given us a proof of his power ;
He hath placed in my hand a precious hostage—
The daughter of the hostile king shall bring us peace. [*Leads Fenena forward.*]
All. The sun of a happy day perhaps is rising !
Zac. Fear not ! ever trust in the eternal God !
He saved our lives on Egypt's shores—
The small band of Gideon He made invincible ;
He gave life to Moses.
Who shall perish who trusts in Him ?
What sound is that ?

SCENE III.—*Enter Ismael, and Hebrew Warriors.*

Ism. Mad with rage,
The Assyrian king advances ;
He seems to defy the whole world,
In his proud boasting.
All. Our lives rather.
Zac. Perhaps an end
Heaven will put to his impious rage ;
On the ruins of Sion
The stranger shall not stand.
This, one of the chief Assyrians,
I trust to thee. [*Places Fenena in Ismael's hands.*]
All. Have mercy, Heaven !
Zac. As night before the glowing sun,
As dust before the wind,
Oh, disperse the mighty league
Of their false God !

Tu d'Abraham Iddio possente,
A pagnar con noi discendi,
Ne' tuoi servi un soffio accendi
Che dia morte allo stranier.

SCENA IV.—*Ismaele, Fenena.*

Isn. Fenena!..O mia diletta!

Fen. Nel dì della vendetta

Chi mai d'amor parlò?

Isn.

Misera! oh come

Più bella or fulgi agli occhi miei d'allora
Che in Babilonia ambasciador di Giuda
Io venni!.. Me traevi

Dalla prigion con tuo grave periglio,
Ne ti commosse l'invido e crudele
Vigliar di tua suora,

Che me d'amor furente

Perseguì!..

Fen.

Deh che rimembrì!..Schiava

Or qui son io!..

Isn.

Ma schiuderti cammino

Io voglio a libertà!

Fen.

Misero!..Infrangi

Ora un sacro dover!

Isn.

Vieni!..Tu pure

L'infrangevi per me..Vieni! il mio petto

A te la strada schiuderà fra mille..

SCENA V.—*Mentre fa per aprire una porta segreta entra colla spada alla mano Abigaille, seguita da alcuni guerrieri Babilonensi celati in ebraiche vesti.*

Abi. Guerrieri, è preso il Tempio!..

Isn. c Fen. [Atterriti.]

Abigaille!..

Abi. [S'avventa innanzi ai due amanti, uili con amaro

sogghigno dice ad Isn.

Prode guerrier!..d'amore

Conosci tu sol l'armi?

D'assira donna in core

Empia tal fiamma or parmi!

Qual Dio vi salva? talamo

La tomba a voi sarà..

[A Fenena.

Great God of Abraham,
Descend and battle for us!
Light up a flame within thy servant's breasts,
To bring death to the stranger!

SCENA IV.—*Ismael and Phenena.*

Isn. Phenena! my heart's delight!

Phen. Who, in this hour of vengeance,
Speaks to me of love?

Isn.

Unhappy woman! oh, how

Much more beautiful thou now,

Than when from Babylon, ambassador of Judah,

I came. Me you saved

From prison, at your great peril,

And cared not for the cruel jealousy

And vengeance of thy sister,

Who, mad with love,

Persecuted me

Phen. What bring you to my memory? A slave

Am I now!

Isn. I will open the road to liberty.

Phen. Unhappy man! fail in your sacred duty?

Isn.

Come, you also

Broke yours for me—come, my breast

Shall open a way through thousands!

SCENE V.—*As he is about to open the secret door, Abigail enters with a sword in her hand, followed by several Babylonians, disguised as Hebrew soldiers.*

Abi. Warriors! the Temple is taken.

Isn. & Phen. [Terrified.] Abigail!

Abi. [Steps before the two lovers, and with a bitter smile

says to Isn. l:

Brave warrior!—of Love

Knowest thou the arms alone?

[To Phen.] In an Assyrian woman's breast

Rests such an impious flame?

What God can save you? a nuptial couch

The tomb shall be for you.

Di mia vendetta il fulmine
 Su voi sospeso è già !
*[Dopo breve pausa s' avvicina ad Ismaele e
 gli dice sotto voce.]*

io t' amava !.. Il regno, il core
 Pel tuo core io dato avrei !
 Una furia è questo amore,
 Vita e morte ei ti può dar.
 Ah se m' ami, ti potrai

Col tuo popolo salvar !
 No !.. la vita io t' abbandono,
 Ma il mio core nol poss' io ;
 Di mia sorte io lieto sono,
 Io per me non so temer.

Sol ti possa il pianto mio
 Pel mio popolo parlar !
 Già t' invoco, già ti sento
 Dio verace d' Israele ;

Non per me nel fier cimento
 Ti commova il mio pregar,
 Sol proteggi il mio fratello,
 E me danna a lagrimar !

Isa.

Fen.

SCENA VI.—*Donne, Uomini ebrei, Leviti, Guerrieri che
 a parte a parte entrano nel Tempio non abbando-
 nandoti, indi Zaccaria ed Anna.*

Don. Lo vedeste ?.. Fulminando

Egli irrompe nella folta !
 Sanguinoso ergendo il brando
 Egli giunge a questa volta !

Lev. *[Che De' guerrieri invano il petto
 sorreggono.]* S' offre scudo al tempio santo !
 Don. Dall' Eterno è maledetto

Il pregare, il nostro pianto !
 Ohi felice chi morì

Tutti. Pria che fosse questo dì !

Gue. *[Di- Ecco il rege ! sul destriero
 sarmati.]* Verso il tempio s' incammina,

Come turbine che nero
 Tragge ovunque la rovina.

Zac. Oh baldanza !.. ne discende *[Entrando precip.*
 Dal feroce corrido !

The thunder of my vengeance
 Is even now suspended over you !
*[After a brief pause she approaches Ismael and says,
 in a gentle voice—]*

I love thee ! a kingdom, a heart,
 For your heart have I given !—
 This love of mine is madness—
 I can give thee life or death
 If you but love me—I can

Save thy people for thee !
 No ! I yield my life to thee,
 But I cannot give my heart.

I am happy in my fate :
 I cannot now tremble for myself—
 My grief you can only raise
 When you speak of my countrymen.

I now invoke you : already do I feel
 The truth of Israel's God !

Not for myself, in this fierce struggle,
 Do I in prayer address thee :
 Only protect my brother,
 And give me up to grief !

Isa.

Phe.

SCENE VI.—*Hebrew men and women—Levites, Warriors, who enter the Temple ; then Zachariah and Anna.*

Wom. Have you seen him ? like a thunderbolt
 He breaks through the crowd !

Men. Waving his ensanguined sword,
 He is coming hither.

Lev. *[Running forward.]*
 Vainly doth the warrior offer his breast
 To shield this holy temple !

Wom. Accursed by the Eternal
 Are our prayers and sighs.

All. Oh, how happy to have died
 Before this day had come.

War. *[Disarmed.]* Behold the king upon his steed !
 He moves towards the temple
 Like a black whirlwind,

Scattering ruin around him.

Zac. *[Entering hurriedly.]* Oh, what pride ! he does not
 Even dismount from his fierce charger.

Tutti.

Ahi sventura ! Chi difende
Ora il tempio del Signor !

Abi. [*S' avvanza co' suoi guerrieri e grida.*]

Viva Nabucco !
Viva !

Zac. Chi passo agli empì apriva ? [*Additando*]

Isn. Mentita veste !.. [*babilonesi travestiti.*]

Abi. E vano

L' orgoglio.. il re s' avvanza !

SCENA VII.—*Irrompono nel Tempio e si spargono per tutta la scena i Guerrieri babilonesi. Nabucodonosor presentasi sul limitare del Tempio a cavallo.*

Zac. Che tenti ?.. Oh trema insano ! [*Oppon. a Nab.*]

Nab. Questa è di Dio la stanza !

Nab. Di Dio che parli ?

Zac. [*Corre ad impadronirsi di Fenena e alzando verso di lei un pugnale dice a Nab.*]

Pria

Che tu profani il Tempio,
Della tua figlia scempio
Questo pugnàl farà !

Nab.

(*Si finga, e l' ira mia
Più forte scoppietà*)

[*Scende da cavallo*]

(*Tremìn gl' insani—del mio furore..
Vittime tutti—cadranno omai !
In mar di sangue—fra pianti e lai*)

Fen. Padre, pietade—ti parli al core !..

Vicina a morte—per te qui sono !..
Sugli infelici—scenda il perdono,
E la tua figlia—salva sarà !

Abi.

(*L' impeto acqueta—del mio furore
Nuova speranza—che a me risplendo,
Colei, che il solo—mio ben contende,
Sacra a vendetta—forse cadrà !*)

Zac., Isn., (Tu che a tuo sennò—de'regi il core
Anna, Ebr. Volgi, o gran Nume—soccorri a noi !
China lo sguardo—sui figli tuoi,
Che a rie catene s' apprestan già !)

Nab. O vinti, il capo a terra !

Il vincitor son io..

All

Oh, misery ! who will henceforth defend
The temple of the Lord !

Abi. [*Advances with her warriors.*] Long live Nabuco !

Voices within. Long may he live !

Zac. Who have opened the way to the infidel ?

Isn. Deceitful garments ! [*Pointing to disguised soldiers*]

Abi. Pride is useless—the king advances.

SCENE VII.—*Warriors rush into the Temple.—Nebuchadnezzar appears at the entrance on horseback.*

Zac. What do you attempt ?—tremble, madman !

This is the house of God.

Nab. Who speaks of God ?

Zac. [*Runs up to Phe, and holds a dagger to her breast*]

[*To Nab.*] If you profane the temple,
This dagger shall make

Your daughter here a corpse !

Nab. (Let me dissemble my rage—
More fiercely shall it descend !
Tremble, madman ! at my vengeance !

[*Dismounts.*]

All shall fall victims.
In a sea of blood, in the midst of grief and wailing
The impious shall be engulfed.)

Let mercy, father, rise in your heart ;
Through thee my death is close at hand !
Let your pardon descend on the unhappy,
And your daughter will be saved !

Phe.

(My rage becomes appeased—
Fresh hopes arise before me—
She, who alone disputes my happiness,
Devoted to vengeance, may perhaps fall.)

Abi.

a 4.

Oh, thou, who at thy will directs the hearts of kings
Fly, oh great God, to our assistance !
Cast one look upon thy sons,
For whom chains are now preparing.

Nab.

Slaves, bend to the earth,
I am conqueror—

Ben l' ho chiamato in guerra,
Ma venne il vostro Dio?
Tema ha di me,—resistemi,
Stolti, chi mai potrà?
Iniquo, mira l'..vittima
Costei primiera io sveno..
Sete hai di sangue il versilo
Della tua figlia il seno!

Zac.

Nab.

Ferma!..

Zac. [Per ferire.] No, pera!..
Ism. [Ferma improvvisamente il pugnale e libera Fenena
che si getta nelle braccia del padre.

Misera,

L' amor ti salverà!

Nab.

Mio furor, non più costretto [Con gioia feroce.
Fa dei vinti atroce scempio;
Saccheggiare, ardete il tempio,
Fia delitto la pietà! [Ai labii.

Abi.

Delle madri invano il petto
Scudo ai pargoli sarà.
Questo popol maledetto
Sarà tolto dalla terra..
Ma l' amor che mi fa guerra
Forse allor s' estinguerà?..
Se del cor nol può l' affetto
Pago l' odio almen sarà.

Fen., Ism., Anna.

Sciagurato ardente affetto

Sul suo ciglio un velo stese!

Ah l' amor che sì lo acceso
Lui d' obbrobrio coprirà
Me

Deh non venga maledette.

L' infelice per pietà!

Zac. ed Ebr. Dalle genti sii reietto,
Dei fratelli traditore!

Il tuo nome desti orrore,

Sia l' obbrobrio d' ogni età!

Oh fuggite il maledetto,

Terra e cielo griderà.

I called for him in the battle!
But your God did not appear—
He dreads me!—Resistance,
Fools, who can offer to me?
See, wretch! as a victim
She falls the first—
Do you thirst for blood? I will spill
That of thy daughter's bosom!

Zac.

Nab.

Hold!

Zac. [Preparing to strike.] No! let her perish!
[Ismael suddenly seizes the dagger and releases
Phenena, who rushes into her father's arms.

Ism. Unhappy woman! love has saved you.

Nab. [With ferocious joy.] No longer will I restrain my
Show no mercy to the conquered, [rage!
Sack and burn the temple—
Pity would be a crime!

In vain let the mother's bosom

Be a shield to her infants.

This people shall be accursed

Throughout the whole world—

The love that strives against me

Shall then, perhaps, be extinguished—

If my affection cannot be satisfied,

At least my vengeance shall be.

At least my vengeance shall be.

P'ke., Ism. & Anna. A wicked, ardent passion

Has cast a veil over his [her] eyes.

Alas! the love with which he burns, [I burn,]

Covers him [me] with shame!

Oh, let not be accursed

The unhappy man, for pity's sake.

Zac. & Heb. Betrayed by the nation,

Betrayed of thy brethren;

Your name shall be held in horror,

And be the opprobrium of every age!

Oh, fly from the accursed—

Earth and heaven cry out against him!

ATTO SECONDO.

L' EMPIO.

Ecco.—Il turbo del Signore è uscito fuori; cadrà sul capo dell'empio.
GENEV. XXX.

SCENA PRIMA.—*Appartamenti nella Reggia.*

Abigail esce con impeto, avendo una pergamena fra le mani.

Ben io t' inveni, o fatal scritto!..in seno
Ma ti celava il rege, onde a me fosse
Ti scorno!..Prole Abigail di schiavi!
Ebben!..Sia tale!—Di Nabucco figlia,
Qual l' assiro mi crede,

Che sono io qui?..peggior che schiava! Il trono
Affida il rege alla minor Fenena,

Ment' ei fra l' armi a sterminar Giudea
L' animo intende!..Me gli amori altrui
Invia dal campo a qui mirar!..Oh iniqui
Tutti, e più folli ancor!..d' Abigaille
Mal conoscete il core..

Su tutti il mio furore
Piombar vedrete!..Ah sì! cada Fenena..

Il finto padre!..il regno!
Su me stessa rovina, o fatal sdegno!

Anch' io dischiuso un giorno
Ebbi alla gioja il core;

Tutto parlarmi intorno
Udia di santo amore;
Piangeva all' altrui pianto,
Soffriva degli altri al duol.

Chi del perduto incanto
Mi torna un giorno sol?

SCENA II.—*Il Gran Sacerdote di Belo, Magi, Grandi
del Regno e Della.*

Abi. Chi s' avvanza!..
G. S. [*Agitato.*] Orrenda scena

ACT II.

THE IMPIOUS MAN.

Behold! the thunder of the Lord has come out: it shall fall on the
head of the impious man.
JER. XXX.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace of Nebuchad.*

Abigail enters precipitately, with a paper in her hand.

Abi. It is well I have found the fatal scroll!—in his bosom
The king concealed it, whence it might be drawn
To my disgrace—Abigail the daughter of a slave!
Well, be it so: daughter of Nabucco,
Such Assyria believes me to be.
What, then, am I?—worse than a slave!—the
throne

The king entrusts to Phenena the youngest,
While with his arms, to exterminate our foes
He now prepares. Another's love,
He sent me from the camp to view.—Oh, wicked
Are you all, and more foolish still.—Of Abigail
They little know the soul.
On all my anger you shall see
Fall heavily—yes! Phenena dies!
And this false father—the kingdom itself—
On me let ruin and fatal scorn descend!

I also, in times past,
Had joy in my heart,
All around me speaking
I heard of holy love;
I wept at others' sorrows,
I suffered for others' grief—
But from this lost enchantment
A single day has turned me.

SCENE II.—*Enter the High Priest of Bel, Magi, and
Lords.*

Abi. Who approaches?
Pri. A dreadful scene

S' è mostrata agli occhi miei!
Oh che narri!

Abi.
G. S.

Empia è Fenena,
Manda liberi gli Ebrei;
Questa turba maledetta
Chi frenare omai potrà?
Il potere a te s' aspetta...

[*Vivamente*]

Abi.

G. S. e Coro. Il tutto è pronto già.
Noi già sparso abbiamo fama
Come il re cadesse in guerra..
Te regina il popol chiama
A salvar l' Assiria terra.
Solo un passo... è tua la sorte!
Abbi cor!

Abi.

[*Al G. S.*] Son teco!.. Va.
Oh fedel!.. di te men forte
Questa donna non sarà!
Salgo già del trono aurato
Lo sgabello insanguinato;
Ben saprà la mia vendetta
Da quel seggio fulminar.
Che lo scettro a me s' aspetta
Tutti i popoli vedranno!..
Regie figlie qui verranno
L' umil schiava a supplicar.
G. S. e Coro. E di Belo la vendetta
Con la tua saprà tuonar.

SCENA III.—*Zaccaria, esce con un Levita che porta la tavola della Legge.*

Zac.

Vieni, o Levita!.. Il santo
Codice reca! Di novel portento
Me vuol ministro Iddio!.. Me servo manda,
Per gloria d' Israele,
Le tenebre a squarciar d' un infedele.

Tu sul labbro de' veggenti
Fulminasti, o sommo Iddio!
All' Assiria in forti accenti
Parla or tu col labbro mio!
E di canti a te sacrali
Ogni tempio echeggerà;

These eyes have witnessed.

Abi.
Pri.

What say you?
Phenena is an impious woman,
She has liberated the Hebrews—
That accursed band
We never yet could curb—
The sovereign power to you is offered!

Abi.

How?
Pri. & Cho. Everything is now prepared:
We have already spread a report
That the king fell in battle—
The populace call on you, as their queen,
To save the Assyrian empire;
One step only, and it will be yours—
Have you courage?

Abi.

I am thine—come on,
Oh, faithful man! but less bold
A woman shall not be—
Already, of the golden throne
I mount the ensanguined steps—
Well does my vengeance know
How to launch thunder thence.
That the sceptre belongs to me,
All the people shall see;
They shall see the king's daughter
Suppliant before a humble slave.
Pri. & Cho. And the vengeance of Bel
Shall keep peace with thine.

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENA III.—*It is night.—Zachariah enters, followed by a Levite bearing the Tables of the Law.*

Zac.

Approach! The holy
Code bring here. Of a new wonder
God makes me the minister. He commands me,
For the glory of Israel,
To enlighten another infidel.
Thou from the lips of believers
Speakest in thunders, great Deity!
To Assyria, in loud accents,
Speak then by my lips,
And with hymns sacred to thee
Every temple shall resound;

Sovra gl' idoli spezzati
La tua legge sorgerà.

[*Entra col Levita negli appartamenti di Fenena.*]

SCENA IV.—*Leviti, che tengono cantatamente dalla porta a destra, indi Ismaele che si presenta dal fondo.*

1. Che si vuol?
2. Chi mai ci chiama,
Qui, di notte, in dubbio loco?..
Il Pontefice vi brama..

Ism.

Tutti.
Ismael!

Ism.
Fratelli!

Tutti.

Orror!

Fuggi!..va!

Ism.
Pietade invoco!

Lev.

Maledetto dal signor!

Il maledetto—non ha fratelli..

Non v' ha mortale—che a lui favelli!

Ovunque sorge—duro lamento

All' empie orecchie—lo porta il vento!

Sulla sua fronte—come il baleno

Fulge il divino—marchio fata!

Invano al labbro—presta il veleno,

Invano al core—vibra il pugnai!

Per amor del Dio vivente

Dall' anatema cessate!

Il terror mi fa demente!

Oh la morte per pietà!

Ism.

[*Con disperazione.*]

SCENA V.—*Fenena, Anna, Zaccaria ed il Levita che porta la tavola della Legge.*

Anna.

Doh fratelli, perdonote!

Un' ebrea salvato egli ha!

Lev. e Ism. Oh che nari!..

Zac.

Inni levate

All' Eterno!..E verità!

SCENA VI.—*Il vecchio Abdallo, tutto affannoso e Detti.*

Abd.

Donna regal! Deh fuggi!..infausto grido

Sorge che annuncia del mio re la morte!

Fen.

Oh padre!..

Above the broken idols
Thy law shall rise. [*Enters Phenena's apartment.*]

SCENE IV.—*Levites entering cautiously by the right-hand door, then Ismael, who appears at the bottom of the stage.*

Lev.

What does he want? who has sent for us

Here, in the night, in this dangerous place?

Ism. The High Priest has sent.

All. Ismael!

Ism. Brothers!

All. Oh, horror! fly! away!

Ism. I claim your pity!

Accursed by the Lord!

The cursed man has no brothers—

No mortal will speak to him;

On every side deep lamentations

Rise to his impious ears. Borne by the winds

Upon his forehead, as the lightning

Shines in heaven—is the fatal mark:

In vain to his lips he raises the poison,

Or to his heart the dagger presses.

Ism.

[*In despair.*] For the love of the living God,

Cease your anathema!

Terror will drive me mad!

Death, death! for mercy's sake!

SCENE V.—*Enter Phenena, Anne, and Zachariah.*
The Levite bearing the Tables of the Law.

Anne.

Brothers, pardon him!

He has saved a sister!

Lev. & Ism. What say you?

Zac. Raise hymns to the Eternal—it is true.

SCENE VI.—*Enter old Abdal, alarmed.*

Abd.

Royal lady, fly! a terrible cry

Arises, announcing the death of the king.

Ph.

My father!

Abd.

Fuggi!. Il popolo
Or chiama Abigaille,
E costoro condanna.

Fen.

Io qui star non mi deggio!.. in mezzo agli empì
Ribelli correrò...

Tutti.

Ferma! oh sventura!

SCENA VII.—*Sacerdote di Belo, Abigaille, Grandi, Magi, Popolo, Donne babilonesi.*

G. S.

Gloria ad Abigaille!

Morte agli Ebrei!

Abi.

[*A Fen.*]

Fen.

Più morirò... Quella corona or rendi!

SCENA VIII.—*Nabucodonosor, aprendosi co' suoi guerrieri la via in mezzo allo scampiglio, si getta fra Abigaille e Fenena: prende la corona e postasiela in fronte dice ad Abigaille.*

Nab.

Dal capo mio la prendi! [*Terrore generale.*]

Tutti.

S' appressan gl' istanti

D' un' ira fatale;

Sai muti sembianti

Già piomba il terror!

Le folgori intorno

Già schiudono l' ale!..

Apprestano un giorno

Di lutto e squalor!

S' oda or me!. Babilonesi,

Getto a terra il vostro Dio!

Traditori egli v' ha resi,

Volle tôrvi al poter mio;

Cadde il vostro, o stolti Ebrei,

Combattendo contro me.

Ascoltate i detti miei!..

V' è un sol Nume.. il vostro Re!

Fen.

Cielo!

[*Atterrita.*]

G. S.

Che intesi!..

Zac.,

Anna, Ebrei.

Abi stolto!..

Abd.

Nabucco viva!

Nab.

Il volto

4bd. Fly! the populace
Have called for Abigail,
And condemned Phenena.

Phe.

Why then delay?
Here I ought not to stay, but rush
Into the midst of the rebels.

All.

Stay! rash woman!

SCENE VII.—*Enter Priests of Bel, Abigail, Nobes, Magi, Populace, &c.*

Lev.

Glory to Abigail! death to the foe!

Abi.

[*To Phe.*] Render to me that crown.

Phe.

Sooner will I die.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter Nebuchadnezzar, who bursts through the crowd, takes the crown from Abigail and places it on his own head.*

Nab.

Take it from my head!

All.

The moment of his fatal rage approaches;

All are mute, oppressed with terror!

The thunder spreads its wings around us—

A day of strife and darkness has arrived!

Nab.

Listen to me, ye Babylonians,—

I throw your God to the earth!

He has made you traitors—

He would have torn you from my power—

Yours also falls, oh, foolish Hebrews,

Striving with me.

Listen to my words—

You have but one God—your king!

Phe.

Oh, Heaven!

Lev.

What have I heard?

Zac. & Anne.

Oh, madman!

Abd.

Long live Nabuco!

Nab.

At once fall to the earth,—

I am the Deity, and me adore!

Zac.

Me Nume, me adorare !
Insano † a terra, a terra
Cada il tuo pazzo orgoglio...

Nab.

Già ti rapisce il soglio !
E tanto ardisci ?.. O fidi,
A' piedi miei si guidi,
Ei pera col suo popolo...

[Ai guerrieri.

Fen.

Ebrei con lor motto.

Nab.

Tu menti!.. O iniqua, prostrati
[Furibondo.

Fen.

Al simulacro mio.

Nab.

No!.. sono Ebrei!
[Prendendola pel braccio.] Già!.. prostrati!..
Non son più Re, son Dio!

[Rumoreggia il tuono, un fulmine scoppia sul capo del Re. Nabucodonosor atterrito sente strapparsi la corona da una forza soprannaturale; la follia appare in tutti i suoi lineamenti. A tanto scompiglio succede tosto un profondo silenzio.

Tutti.

O come il cielo vindice
L'audace fulminò!

Nab.

Chi mi toglie il regio scettro?..
Qual m'incalza orrendo spettro!..

Chi pel crine ohimè m'afferra?

Chi mi stringe?... chi m'atterra?

O mia figlia!.. e tu pur anco

Non soccorri al debil fianco!..

Ah fantasmi ho sol presenti..

Hanno acciar di fiamme ardenti!

E di sangue il ciel vermiglio,

Sul mio capo si versò!

Ah perchè, perchè sul ciglio

Una lagrime spuntò?

Chi mi regge?... io manco!..

Il Cielo

Zac.

Ha punito il vantator!

Abi.

Ma del popolo di Belo [Raccogliendo la corona caduta dal capo di Nabucodonosor.

Non fia spento lo splendor!

Zac.

Madman! to the earth, to the earth,
Shall fall your boundless pride—

The avenging and insulted Deity

Even now has torn you from the throne.

Is it thus you dare?—My faithful warriors,

Bring him before me,—

He shall perish with his people.

I, alas! must perish with them.

I am a Hebrew!

Thou fiend! Oh, wretched woman, fall down

Before my image!

No, I worship the great God of Israel!

[Seizing her by the arm.] At once prostrate your-

I am no longer king—I am God!

[Loud thunder—a flash of lightning falls on the

head of Nabuco; the crown is snatched from his

head by supernatural power; all his features ex-

press madness; deep silence succeeds to the tumult.

How hath avenging heaven

Thunderstricken the audacious man!

Who has taken my royal sceptre?

What horrid spectre follows me?

What holds me by the hair?

Who clasps me thus, and throws me to the earth!

Oh, my daughter, and you also

Will not support my weak frame!

None but phantoms are here—

They carry flaming swords,

And the sky, red with blood,

Rains on my head!

Ah, why! why from my eyelids

Does not a tear spring?

Who holds me?—I faint.

Heaven has punished the boaster!

But my people

Have not lost their glory.

[Taking up the crown.

Abi.

Have not lost their glory.

ATTO TERZO.

LA PROFEZIA.

Le greggi dei deserti avranno in Babilonia la loro stanza insieme coi gusci, e l'utile vi dimosteranno.

GEREM. II.

SCENA PRIMA.—Orti pensili.

Abigail è sul trono. I Magi, i Grandi sono assisi a dî lei piedi; vicina all' ara ove s'erge la statua d' oro di Belo sta coi segnaei il Grand Sacerdote, Donne babilonesi, Popolo, Soldati.

Coro. E l'Assiria una regina,

Pari a Bel potente in terra;

Porta ovunque la ruina

Se stranier la chiama in guerra:

Or di pace fra i contenti;

Giusto premio del valor,

Scorrerà suoi dì ridenti

Nella gioia e nell' amor.

G. S. Eccelsa donna, che d'Assiria il fato

Reggi, le preci ascolta

De' fidi tuoi!.. Di Giuda gli empî figli

Perano tutti, e pria colei che suora

A te nomar non oso..

Esa Belo tradi!.. [*Presenta la sentenza ad Abi.*

Abi. [*Con finzione.*] Che mi chiedete!..

Ma chi s' avvanza!..

SCENA II.—*Nabucodonosor con ispida barba e dimesse vesti presentasi sulla scena. Le guardie, alla cui testa è il vecchio Abdallo, cedono rispettosamente il passo.*

Abi. Qual audace infrange

L' alto divieto mio?.. Nelle sue stanze

Si traggia il veglio!..

Chi parlare ardisce

Ov' è Nabucco?

ACT III.

THE PROPHECY.

The beasts of the desert will place in Babylon their abode, together with the owl, and the birds of prey will abide there.

JER. II.

SCENE I.—*The Hanging Gardens.*

Abigail on the throne—Magi, Nobles, the High Priest &c., near the statue of Bel.

Cho.

The queen of the Assyrians

Is like to Bel in power on earth:

She carries devastation with her,

When the stranger calls her to war;

Or, content in the midst of peace,

The just reward of valor,

Her smiling days pass away

With joy and love.

Lev. Excellent lady, who the fate of Assyria

Rulest—listen to the prayers

Of your faithful slaves. Let Babylon's impious

Perish all, and first that sister,

Whose name we dare not mention to thee— [sons

She who has Bel betrayed. [*Presents the sentence to*

[*Distimulating.*] What do you ask? *Abigail.*

But who comes here?

SCENE II.—*Enter Nebuchadnezzar, with a shaggy beard and his clothes torn—the Guards make way respectfully, Abdiel at their head.*

Abi. What bold man has broken through

My supreme commands?—

The old man moves towards the throne.

Nab. Who dares to speak in the presence of Nabuco?

Abi. [*Con devozione.*] Deh! Signor, mi segui.
Nab. Ove condur mi vuoi? Lasciami! Questa
 E del consiglio l'aula.. Sta!.. Non vedi?

M'attendon essi.. Al fianco

Perchè mi reggi? Debil sono, è vero,
 Ma guai se alcuno il sa!.. Vo' che mi creda
 Sempre forte ciascun.. Lascia.. ben io
 Or troverò mio seggio.. [*S' avvicina al trono e fa
 per salire.*]

Chi è costei?

O qual baldanza!

Abi. [*Scendendo dal trono.*] Escite, o fidi miei!
 [*Si ritirano tutti.*]

SCENA III.—Nabucodonosor ed Abigaille.

Donna, chi sei?

Custode

Del seggio tuo qui venni!..

Tu? del mio seggio? Oh frode!

Da me ne avesti cenni?..

Abi. Egro giacevi.. Il popolo

Grida all' Ebreo ribello;

Porre il regal suggello

Al voto suo dei tu! [*Gli mostra la sentenza.*]

Morte qui sta pei tristi.

Nab. Che parli tu?..

Soscrivi!

Abi. (M'ange un pensier!..)

Nab. Resisti?..

Abi. Sorgete Ebrei giulivi!

Levate inni di gloria

Al vostro Dio!..

Che sento!..

Nab. Preso da vil sgomento,

Abi. Nabucco non è più!..

Nab. Menzogna! A morte, a morte

Tutto Israel sia tratto!

Porgi!.. [*Pone l'anello reale intorno la perga.*]

Abi. Oh mia lieta sorte!
 la riconsegna ad Asi.

L'ultimo grado è fatto!

Nab. Oh!.. ma Fenena?..

Abi. Perfida

Si diede al falso Dio!..

Abi. [*Respectfully.*] Will my lord follow me?
 Where would you lead me? leave me!

Nab. This is the hall of council—stay, see,
 They expect me here—At my side

Why do you stay? 'tis true, I am weak,

But let no one know it—I wish to be thought

Strong by every one—leave me, I can well

Find my seat—who is this? [*About to mount the*

throne.]

Ah! what daring woman!

Abi. [*Descends from the throne.*] Leave me, my friends,
 [*All retire.*]

SCENE III.—Nabucco and Abigail.

Nab. Who are you, lady?

Abi. To guard your throne I came.

Nab. You in my seat? impostor!

From me you had no orders.

Abi. You were suffering! the people

Cried out against the rebel Hebrews.

This paper wants the royal signet—

Will you affix it?

It is the death-warrant of the— [*Shows the sentence.*]

What say you?

Nab. What say you?

Abi. Write.

Nab. Thinking gives me pain.

Abi. Do you object?

Rise then, I pray Hebrews,

And raise y' ur hymns of joy

To your own God!

What do I hear?

Nab. Still, Nabucco by base fear overcome!

Abi. 'Tis false! to death, to death!

Nab. All Israel shall be dragged—

Give it to me.

Abi. Oh, my happy fate!
 [*Applies the royal signet.*]

The last step is climbed.

Where is my Phenena?

Nab. Perfidious; she gave herself up to a false God—

Abi. Let her perish. [*Gives the sentence to two guards.*]

Oh pera !.. [Dà la pergamena a due guardie che tosto partono.

Nab.

[In atto di fermarla.] E sangue mio !..

Abi.

Nun può salvarla !..

Abi.

[Coprendosi il viso.] Orrore !

Nab.

Un' altra figlia..

Prostrati,

Abi.

O schiava, al tuo signor !..

Abi.

Stolto !.. qui velli attenderti !..

Nab.

Io schiava ?..

Abi.

Apprendi il ver !.. [Cerca nel seno il foglio che attesta la servile condizione di Abi.]

Abi.

Tale ti rendo, o misero, [Tracendo dal seno il foglio]

Nab.

Il foglio menzogna !.. e facendolo in pezzi.

Abi.

(Oh di qual' onta aggravasi)

Nab.

Questo mio crin canuto !

Abi.

Invan la destra gelida

Nab.

Corre all' acciar temuto !..

Abi.

Abi miserando veglio !..

Nab.

L' ombra son io del re.)

Abi.

(O dell' ambita gloria

Nab.

Giorno tu sei venuto !

Abi.

Assai più vale il soglio.

Nab.

Che un genitor perduto ;

Abi.

Cadranno regi e popoli

Nab.

Di vile schiava al piè.)

Abi.

Oh qual suon !..

Nab.

[Odesi dentro suono di trombe.

Abi.

Di morte è suono

Nab.

Per gli Ebrei che tu dannasti !

Abi.

Guardie olà !.. tradito io sono !..

Nab.

Guardie !.. [Si presenta alcune guardie.

Abi.

O stolto !.. e ancor contrasti !..

Nab.

Queste guardie io le serbava

Abi.

Per te solo, o prigionier !

Nab.

Prigionier !..

Abi.

Sì !.. d' una schiava

Nab.

Che disprezza il tuo poter !

Abi.

Deh perdona, deh perdona

Nab.

Ad un padre che delira !

Abi.

Deh la figlia mi ridona,

Nab.

Non orbarne il genitor !

Abi.

Te regina, te signora

Nab. [Tries to stop her.] It is my own blood !

Abi.

Nothing can save her.

Nab.

Oh, horror !

Abi.

Another daughter--

Nab.

Prostrate yourself, O slave,

Abi.

Before your master.

Nab.

Fool, what is it you expect ?

Abi.

I a slave ?

Nab.

Learn, then, the truth. [Searches for the paper in

Abi.

Thus, wretch ! do I return to you his bosom.

Nab.

The lying paper. [Takes it from her breast and

Abi.

Oh, what shame will cover

Nab.

These grey hairs of mine--

Abi.

In vain my icy hand

Nab.

Flies trembling to my sword !

Abi.

Oh, miserable old man,

Nab.

I am but the shadow of a king.

Abi.

Oh, glorious day of ambition,

Nab.

At length thou hast arrived !

Abi.

A sufficient recompense is a throne,

Nab.

For a father lost--

Abi.

Kings and nations will fall

Nab.

At the feet of a base slave !

Abi.

Ah ! what sound is that ?

Nab.

It is the note of death

Abi.

For those you have condemned.

Nab.

What ho ! guards ! I am betrayed,

Abi.

Guards !

Nab.

O, fool ! still do you oppose ?--

Abi.

These guards--I intend them

Nab.

For thee alone, thou prisoner !

Abi.

Prisoner !

Nab.

Yes, of a slave

Abi.

Who despises your power !

Nab.

Oh, pardon ! pardon,

Abi.

An insane father !

Nab.

Oh, restore me my daughter !

Abi.

Do not make me childless.

Nab.

Be queen, be ruler

Abi.

[Guards enter,

Nab.

Oh, restore me my daughter !

Abi.

Do not make me childless.

Nab.

Be queen, be ruler

Alc.

Chiami pur la gente assira,
 Questo veglio non irapporta
 Che la vita del suo cor !
 Esci ! invan mi chiedi pace,
 Me non move il tardo pianto ;
 Tal non eri, o uoglio audace,
 Nel serbarmi al disonor.
 Oh vedran se a questa schiava
 Mal s' addice il regno manc' !
 Or vedran s' io deturpava
 Dell' Assiria lo splendor !

SCENA IV.—*Le sponde dell' Efrate*

Ebrei incatenati e costretti al lavoro.

Va, pensiero, sull' ai dorato,
 Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,
 Ove olezzano libere e molli
 L' aure dolci del suolo natal !
 Del Giordano le rive saluta,
 Di Sionne le torri atterrate . .
 Oh mia patria sì bella e perduta !
 Oh membranza sì cara e fatal !
 Arpa d' or dei fatidici vati,
 Perché muta dal salice pendi ?
 Le memorie nel petto raccendi,
 Ci favella del tempo che fu !
 O simile di Solima ai fati
 Traggi un suono di crudo lamento,
 O t' ispiri il Signore un concento
 Che ne infonda al patire virtù !

SCENA V.—*Zaccaria e Delti.*

Zac.

Oh chi piangi ! di femmine imbelli
 Chi solleva lamenti all' Eterno ! . .
 Oh sorgete, angosciati fratelli,
 Sul mio labbro favella il Signor !
 Del futuro nel bujo discerno . .
 Ecco rotta l' indegna catena ! . .
 Piomba già sulla perfida arena
 Del Leone di Giuda il furor !
 A posare sui crani, sull' ossa

Alc.

Of the Assyrians ; 'tis what I wish—
 The old man only craves
 The life of his heart.
 Away ! in vain you ask me for peace—
 Your tardy grief moves me not—
 I am not one, audacious old man !
 To submit to dishonor—
 You shall see whether this slave
 Wears the royal mantle unworthily—
 You shall see whether I soil
 The splendor of Assyria.

SCENA IV.—*The Country near Nineveh.*

Hebrews at work, in chains.

Away, thoughts ! on golden wings
 Rest on mountains and hills,
 Where blow the free and gentle
 Zephyrs of our native soil—
 Salute the river Jordan,
 The broken towers of Sion—
 Oh, my country ! so beautiful, but lost—
 Oh, remembrance, so dear, but fatal !
 Harp of gold of the ancient prophets,
 Why do you hang mute upon the willows ?
 Memory returns to my breast,
 Speaking of times that were—
 Oh, like to the fate of Jerusalem,
 Give out a sound of sad lamentation—
 Oh, raise to Heaven a harmony
 That will cause us to endure our sorrow.

SCENA V.—*Enter Zachariah.*

Zac.

Who weep, and, like feeble women,
 Raise laments to Heaven ?
 Oh, rise ! suffering brethren !
 And in my voice hear that of Heaven !
 I see the future in the mist—
 The unworthy chains are broken ;
 Already in the perfidious arena
 The lion of Judah in his rage is seen ;
 In the midst of skulls and bones,

Qui verranno le jere, i serpenti
Fra la polve dall' aure commosse
Un silenzio fatal regnerà !

Solo il gufo suoi tristi lamenti

Spiegherà quando viene la sera
Niuna pietra ove sorse l' altera
Babilonia allo stranio dirà !

Tutti.

Oh qual foco nel veglio balena !
Sul suo labbro favella il Signor..

Sì, fia rotta l' indegna catena,
Già si scuote di Giuda il valor !

FINE DELL' ATTO TENZO.

Here we shall see the Hyæna and the serpent.

In the dusty and stormy air,

A frightful silence shall reign.

Of the owl, the sad lament alone

Shall be heard, when evening comes --

No stone shall rest upon another,

To tell the stranger where great Babylon was.

What fire inspires the old man ?—

The Lord speaks from his lips !

Yes, the unworthy chains shall be broken

And the valor of Judah established !

All.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ATTO QUARTO.

L' IDOLO INFRATTO.

Bel è confuso i suoi idoli sono rotti in pezzi. GEN. XLVIII.

SCENA PRIMA.—Appartamento nella Reggia come nella parte seconda.

Nabucodonosor seduto sopra un sedile, trovasi immerso in profonda soperie.

Son pur queste mie membra!.. Ah! fra le selve
[Svegliandosi tutto amante.

Non scorreva anelando
Quasi fera inseguita?...
Ah sogno ei fu..terribil sogno! [Voci al di fuori.

Or ecco,
Ecco il grido di guerra!.. Oh la mia spada!..
Il mio destrier che a le battaglie anela

Come fanciulla a danze!
O prodi miei!.. Sionne,
La superba cittade, ecco torreggia..
Sia nostra, cada in cenere!

Voci al di fuori. Phenena!
Oh sulle labbra de' miei fidi il nome
Della figlia risuona! [S' affaccia alla loggia.

Ecco! Ella scorre
Tra le file guerriere!.. Ohimè!.. travveggo!
Perchè le mani di catene ha cinse!..
Piange!..

Voci al di fuori. (Phenena a morte!)

[Il volto di Nabucodonosor prende una nuova espressione; corre alle porte, e trovate chiuse, grida.

Ah prigionier io sono!

[Ritorna alla loggia, tiene lo sguardo fisso verso la pubblica via, indi si tocca la fronte ed esclama.
Dio degli Ebrei perdono! [S' inginocchia.
Dio di Giuda!.. Il ara, il tempo

ACT IV.

THE BROKEN IDOL.

Bel is confounded—their idols are broken in pieces. JER. XLVIII.

SCENE I.—Apartment in the Palace as in Act II.

Nebuchadnezzar seated, in deep thought.

Are these my limbs?—once through the forest
I did not breathless run,

Like to a chased wild beast;

Alas! it was a dream, a terrible dream—
Hark! the war cry! give me my sword,

My steed, that rushes to the battle,

As a maiden to the dance—

Oh, my warriors! Jerusalem,

That superb and towered city,

Shall be ours, to ashes shall it fall!

Voices without. Phenena!

Nab. Alas! on the lips of my faithful, the name

Of my daughter resounds—see, she runs

Through the files of warriors—alas! what see I?

Why are her hands thus bound?

Oh, weep! weep!

Voices without. Death to Phenena!

[The countenance of Nabuco assumes a different expression—he runs to the door, and finds it closed.

Alas! I am a prisoner! [Returns to the window

strikes his forehead, and exclaims—

Pardon! oh, great Jehovah!

An altar, a temple,

Will I raise to Thee—

Deh mi togli a tanto affanno

E i miei riti struggerò.

Tu m' ascolti!—Già dell' empio

Rischiata è l' egra mente!

Dio verace onnipossente

Adorarti ognor saprò. [*Si alza e va per aprire*

Porta fatale, ch' t' aprai!— *con violenza la porta.*

SCENA II.—*Abdallo, Guerrieri Babilonesi e Detto.*

Abd.

Ove corri?

Signore,

Nab. Mi lascia—

Abd. Uscir tu brami

Perchè e' insulti alla tua mente offesa?

Guer. Oh noi tutti qui siamo in tua difesa!

Nab. [*Ad Abd.*] Che parli tu?—la mente

Or più non è smarrita!—Abdallo, il brando,

il brando tuo—

Abd. [*Sorpreso e con gioja.*] Per acquistare il soglio

Eccolo, o re!—

Nab. Salvar Fenena io voglio.

Abd., Guer. Cadran, cadranno i perfidi

Come locuste al suol!

Per te vedrem rifulgere

Sovra l' Assiria il sol!

Nab. O prodi miei, seguitemi,

S' apre alla mente il giorno;

Ardo di fiamma insolita,

Re dell' Assiria io torno!

Di questo brando al fulmine

Gli empî cadranno al suol;

Tutto vedrem rifulgere

Di mia corona al sol.

Oh, save me from this misery,

And all our rites I will abolish—

Dost thou hear me? already, impious as I am,

The disorder of my mind disperses—

True and omnipotent Deity!— [*He tries to force*

Fatal door, will you not open? *the door.*

SCENE II.—*Abdal and Babylonian Warriors*

Abd. My lord, where do you run?

Nab. Leave me.

Abd. I heard you call—

Perhaps they will insult your weakened mind.

War. We are all here to defend you.

Nab. [*To Abdal.*] What say you? my mind

No longer suffers—Abdal, a sword—

Thy sword—

Abd. [*With joyous surprise.*] To regain the throne,

My lord, behold it!

Nab. I wish to save Phenena.

Abd. & War. Let them fall, let the traitors fall

Like locusts on the ground—

Through thee we again shall see

The sun of Assyria shine!

Nab. Come, my warriors! follow me,

My mind is cleared this day—

I burn with unaccustomed fire,—

Of Assyria I am king again!—

At the thunder of this sword

The impious men shall fall—

All again shall see my crown

Resplendent as the sun.

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SCENA III.—Bablonia.

Zaccaria, Anna, Fenena, il Sacerdote di Belo, Magi, Ebrei, Guardie, Popolo.

Il Sacerdote di Belo è sotto il peristilio del tempio presso di una ara espiatoria, a' lati della quale stanno in piedi due sacerdoti armati di asce. Una musica cupa e lugubre annuncia l'arrivo di Fenena e degli Ebrei condannati a morte; giunta Fenena nel mezzo della scena si ferma e s'inginocchia davanti a Zaccaria.

Zac. Va! la palma del martirio,
Va! conquistata, o giovinetta;

Troppo lungo fu l'esiglio,
E tua patria il ciel..t' affretta!
Oh dischiuso è il firmamento!

Al Signor lo spirito anela..

Ei m'arride, e cento e cento

Gaudi eterni a me disvela!

O splendor degli astri, addio!..

Me di luce irradia l'Iddio!

Già dal fral, che qui ne impionmba,

Fugge l'anima e vola al ciel!

Voci di den. Viva Nabucco!..

Tutti. Qual grido è questo!

Voci e. s. Viva Nabucco!..

G. S. Si compia il rito!

SCENA ULTIMA.—*Nabucodonosor accorrendo con ferro sguainato, seguito dai Guerrieri e da Abdallo.*

Nab. Empi, fermate!..L' idol funesto,
Guerrier, struggete..qual polve al suol!

[*L' idolo cade infranto da sè.*

Tutti. Divin prodigio!..

Nab. Torna Israeleo,

Torna alle gioje—del patrio suol!

Sorga al tuo Nome—tempio novello..

Ei solo è grande—è forte Ei sol!

L'empio tiranno—Ei fe' demente,

Del re pentito—die' pace al seno..

D' Abigail—turbò la mente,

SCENE III.—Babylon.

Zachariah, Anne, Phenena, Priests of Bel, Magi, &c.

The High Priests of Bel on the steps of the Temple, near an expiatory altar—two sacrificers with axes—slow music—Phenena kneels before Zachariah.

Zac. Go! receive the palm of martyrdom—

Go! maiden, it is achieved—

Too long was thy exile

From Heaven, and thy country.—Prepare!

Ph.

See, the firmament is open,

To heaven my spirit mounts!

It smiles on me, and hundreds

Upon hundreds of eternal joys discloses.

Oh! splendor of the stars, adieu!

The light of God illumines me;

Already from earth, that weighs upon me,

My soul rises and to Heaven ascends.

Voices without. Long live Nabuco!

All. What cry is that!

Voices. Long live Nabuco!

Lev. Let the rites be completed!

SCENE THE LAST.—*Enter Nabuco with his sword drawn, followed by Warriors and Abdal.*

Nab. Tremble, traitors! the wicked idol
Destroy! my warriors, lay it in the dust!

All. Oh, prodigy divine! [*The idol falls, broken of itself.*

Nab. Return! oh, Israelites!

Return to happiness and to your native soil.

Another temple raise unto your God,

He is alone the great, alone the mighty;

The tyrant impious he drove to madness,

The king repentant He restored to reason.

Of Abigail He disturbed the mind,

Tutti. Si che l' iniqua—bebbe il veleno !
Ei solo è grande—è forte Ei sol,
Figlia, adoriamlo—prostrati al suol.
Immenso Jeovha, [*Inginocchiata.*

Chi non ti sente ?
Chi non è polvere
Immanzi a te ?
Tu spandi un' iride ?..
Tutto è ridente ;
Tu vibri il fulmine ?
L' uom più non è.

[*Si alzano.*

FINE DELL' OPERA.

And the iniquitous woman poison drank.
He is alone the great, alone the mighty—
Daughters adore, and to the earth fall prostrate.
[*They kneel,*

All [*Kneeling.*] Mighty Jehovah !
Who does not now acknowledge thee ?
Who is not dust
Compared to Thee ?
Thou spreadest the rainbow,
And all things smile—
Thou launchest the thunder,
And man no longer exists !

END OF THE OPERA.

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